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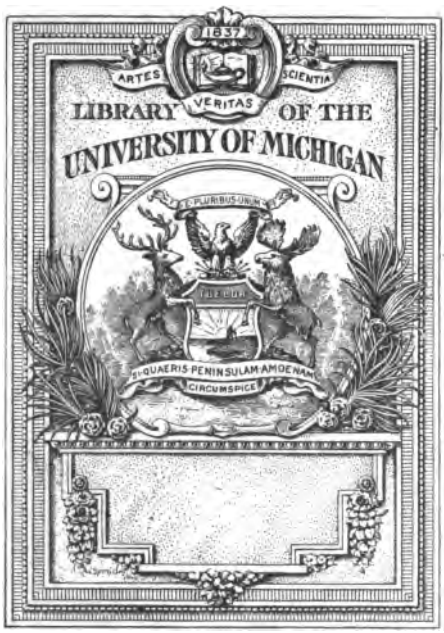
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With the loving regards of
The author.

When the wedding bells are rung,
And the marriage service read;
When the bride song has been sung,
And the sweet responses said,
You will know by each sweet token
They are walking, hand in hand,
Now that all Love's vows are spoken,
In the Happy Marriage Land.

WEDDING BELLS

A COLORADO IDYL

BY

W. E. PABOR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

STANLEY WOOD

DENVER, COLORADO

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1900

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WHOSE HAPPY FORTUNE IT MAY BE TO
INCLUDE A TOUR THROUGH SCENIC
COLORADO AS PART OF
THEIR WEDDING
JOURNEY

THE AUTHOR

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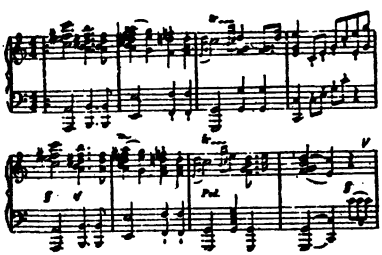

Introduction.

BY STANLEY WOOD.

W. E. Pabor has a gentle and poetic fancy. He writes more verse than any other literary man in Colorado, and by length of residence and amount of poetical work accomplished, deserves the title of poet laureate of the Centennial state as well as that conferred upon him by the National Editorial Association when it made him a life member and its poet laureate in 1895. His verse flows easily and gives one the impression that rhythmic numbers come readily from his pen. Stirring themes, dialect stories and "blood and thunder" chronicles are not his stock in trade. He sees the idyllic side of Western life, has a clear eye for picturesque landscape, touches with rare grace the chords of affection, and has

never, I am sure, written a line of verse that carries with it a doubtful moral or an improper suggestion. There need be no vacant spaces in his works marked *cetera desunt*. He sings of love but not of passion. He has a profound and worthy appreciation of the *lares* and *penates*, but Venus has no charms for him. This is high praise for a poet who lives in the era of "Poems of Passion" and "Laus Veneris." His muse is lyric. Songs of pastoral simplicity and beauty come naturally to his lips. His poems abound in descriptions of Nature that are rhythmic, accurate, suffused with poetic fancy and calculated to please and to instruct.

As a writer of occasional verses Mr. Pabor is especially happy. He always has fitting words and appropriate thoughts for poems on special subjects, suggested by events of the day. His poem "The Coral Workers," delivered before the National Editorial Association, is a striking example of this felicity of thought and expres-

sion. His annual poems before this association are counted upon as one of the attractive features of the literary exercises. But poetry is not the only field of literary endeavor cultivated by Mr. Pabor. His prose is as practical and clear as his poetry is musical and pure. He writes on subjects dear to the heart of the husbandman. He lives close to nature. He does not talk about things he does not understand. If he writes about farming it is because he knows what he is talking about, as his book on "Colorado as an Agricultural State" goes to prove. His poetic fancy does not fail him in his prose. If he describes an apple tree he does not forget the flowers; if he estimates the value of peach culture he incidentally mentions the delicate beauty and perfume of the peach bloom. He is poetical first and then practical, but above all he is an honest man, an affectionate husband and a true friend.

The time has not yet come to give a

final judgment on Mr. Pabor's work. His poems have never been collected and presented in a form worthy of their merit, but are now to be placed before the public in three volumes, of which this is the first, the others to follow during the year. He has certainly done much for Colorado. The influence of his writings has been extended and always for good. Such books will certainly command attention, and Colorado will be by that much the richer in literature, a kind of riches of which the state cannot have too much and of which it now possesses altogether too little.

As a man, Mr. Pabor has always commanded the respect of his fellows. He has never striven for political honors. He has lived a useful, peaceful and practical life. He has been largely identified with the progress of Colorado, and either from chance or design, has always been in the advance of the march.

CHICAGO, February, 1900.

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WEDDING BELLS

Prologue.

Ring, wedding bells, upon the air;
Shine, summer sun, upon the pair
Who from the altar pass as one,
Whose wedded life has just begun;
The words are said that bind for life
As husband, Claude; and Constance, wife;
Kind friends chime in with merry voice;
The young and old with each rejoice;
The good old days of Eden seem
To pour their glory in a stream
Of sweet delight upon the pair,
And pleasure waits her gifts to share
In bounteous measure, as they stand
With moistened eyes and clasping hand,
Ready to meet Fate's stern command
Within the gates of Marriage Land;

Yet hopeful that the hours will run
As brightly as they have begun.

Claude:

Dear Love, before our wedding day
We had some converse of the way
In which, beneath the skies of June,
We were to spend our Honeymoon.

Constance:

Yes, Claude; but not to lands afar,
Where Southern Cross or Northern Star
Shine down on vale or plain or sea;
These have their charms, but not for me.

Claude:

Here in our own, our favored land,
Are lakes as fair and glens as grand
As other climes may boast. Nay, more;
Here Nature bids our hearts adore.

Constance:

Oh, happy thought! Our Honeymoon

Begun, but not to end, in June,
We'll pass amid the glens and rills
And in the shadow of the hills.

Constance and Claude:

Come, Love; together, hand in hand,
We'll wander in Enchanted Land.

I.

Palmer Lake.

The oars dip brightly in the lake;
The waves long ropes of diamonds make,
As in the boat the happy pair
Wake happier echoes on the air.
Upon Ben Lomond's pine clad breast
Chaste Dian's beams of silver rest,
In Glen D'Eau there gleams a light
From vine-wreathed cottage through the night
Whose rays suggest that comfort waits
The pair within the cottage gates;
But spell of hill and glen and lake

Their rapt attention wholly take.
The cliffs along the Snowy Range
All in the moonlight shift and change,
Save where, on Pike's Peak's stony breast
The winter snows forever rest.
On Palmer Lake the boat rides clear
While whispered words in willing ear
Repeat the vows at altar said
That happy day when they were wed.
Row, boatman, row; the lake lies white
Against the shadow of the night;
Drift slowly down to where the oar
Meets the green bosom of the shore;
There is no magic equals this:
Two hearts that melt into one bliss;
While Nature, over lake and glen,
Smiles down on Eden, found again;
Where love gives love, for true love's sake,
Around the shores of Palmer Lake.
Now cedared woods change into pine
On slopes that to the south recline,

SEVEN FALLS, CHEYENNE CANON.

Till Colorado Springs appears,
The Athens of these later years;
Within its avenues of calm
The happy couple felt the balm
That floats from Pike's Peak's brow of
snow
To valley lands that rest below.
Said Claude: "Not long ago these slopes
Were barren of all human hopes.
And now, a stately city, planned
With grand design by master hand,
Is here; we have no time to stay
But later we must spend a day
Amid these vine-clad homes, to find,
Perchance, one suited to our mind."
Said Constance: "We have but begun
Our journey; ere its course is run
We may behold—and yet, this seems
A city wherein pleasure streams
On scented waves of sweet delight
To soothe the soul and charm the sight."

II.

Manitou.

Beside La Fontaine's silvery stream
The happy couple walk and dream;
Here Nature in her summer guise
Shows where a realm of wonder lies.
They watch the rippling waters flow
In mad, delirious haste below;
Born in yon rocky nests of snow
They flash, they foam, they fall, they flow
Adown the hillside to the plain,
And seek a pathway to the main.
The days are full of dear delight
And pleasure crowns each starry night,
As here they spend a week of rest
And find repose on Nature's breast.
The Garden of the Gods, sublime,
And elemental work of Time,
Filled with fantastic groups of stone,
They gaze on and its wonders own.

Glen Eyrie's fairy-like retreat
Reveals its charms; their willing feet
Linger where the clematis shades
And hides the wild rose of the glades.
In Cheyenne Canon, with its walls
Of granite, near the Rainbow Falls,
They loiter; Shadowland is here;
The murmur of the stream is near;
They fancy, as it flows along,
It sings anew their wedding song,
In which life's hopes and wishes blend,
And Love is present to the end.
At Rainbow Falls they see the arc
Of iridescence crown the dark;
The waters through the rock rifts run—
They slip, they slide, in shade and sun,
While Hope, the Angel, seems to rest
Upon the rainbow's shining breast.
Up Pike's Peak trail they slowly climb
To see the mysteries sublime
Of Nature, in her wildest mood,

Her peaks snow-crowned in solitude,
But gladly drop to vales below
Where magic springs their bubbles throw.
"Drink, dearest one; perchance 'twill be
The fabled fount of youth to thee!"
"Nay," she replies, "but you as well
Must feel the fountain's magic spell;
Could I grow young, while you are old?
Nay, Love; nor fame, nor power, nor gold
Could tempt my lips to touch such wine
If it were not to rest on thine."
A friendly shadow hid the pair;
Sibilant sounds fell on the air;
Ah, Love! with kisses crown the day!
Ah, Love! in kisses melt away.

III.

Valley of La Fontaine Qui Bouille.

Now where La Fontaine's waves are borne,
Between the fields of growing corn,
The green alfalfa meadows crept
To where the rapid waters swept;
The stately cottonwoods threw round
A cooling shadow on the ground;
The bluebirds and the meadow-doves
Twittered and tattled of their loves;
An air of languor slowly fell
Upon them, with its amorous spell;
As if in happy land, or vale
Of Rasselas they walked. No sail
White flecked against the horizon
Moved down the stream. The setting sun
Its crimson rays on peak and cone
Dropped with a glory all its own;
And Nature, in her robe of June,
Waited the rising of the moon.
"O, sing some song to suit the scene

Of rippling wave or meadow green,"
Said Claude; "the evening air is clear;
Let music melt upon the ear."
Her mandolin sweet Constance took,
She sang the Tennysonian "Brook"
In strains as low, as sweet, as clear
As if a seraph from the sphere
Beyond the circles of the moon
Had floated down to strike the tune.
Both rising moon, with silver beams,
And setting sun with crimson gleams
Hung low, till on the horizon
Their lines of color blent in one.
Oh, happy day! Oh, happier eve!
No tears to shed, no grief to grieve!
Oh, happy groom! Oh, happier bride!
Who in this pleasant vale abide.

IV.

La Veta Pass.

These mighty peaks! Twin cones in air!
What name is worthy of the pair?
This Indian title on them rests,
The Wahatoya or Twin Breasts;
Such rounded forms, such perfect shapes,
While spruce and pine each outline drapes,
And rising gracefully on high,
Their summits kiss the bending sky;
The warm blue sky, the bright blue sky,
To which we look with loving eye—
The portal to the Home above,
The City of Eternal Love.
Another name strange land bespeaks,
Some know them as the Spanish Peaks.
The ancient Cavaliers of Spain,
Bold buccaneers who sailed the main,
Austere Hidalgos, stern of face,
And troubadours, of gentle race,
Who from the Southland upward came

In search of riches and of fame,
Upon the mountains gazed with awe,
Then vanished to return no more.
So Claude discoursed as to the west
They slowly journeyed, while the crest,
Sangre de Christo's stately crest,
Lay snow-capped in eternal rest.
La Veta mountain, stern and bold
Before them loomed; defiles as old
As Adam's day, with rugged face
Show contrasts quaint, beside the grace
With which the flashing Huerfano
Its sprays of water round them throw.
The way is devious and steep;
Below, a valley, dense and deep;
Above, a rugged mountain side;
Around, a vista opening wide;
Majestic plains expand to view
And seem to melt into the blue.
Sierra Blanca's noble brow,
A monarch to which mountains bow

(A monarch worthy of his throne)
Looms grandly through the cloud-flecked
zone.
On Mule Shoe Curve the clouds drop
down;
On Nature's face appears a frown;
And drops of rain that change to snow
Fall on the couple as they go
Their onward and their upward path,
Facing the summer's wintry wrath.
Now, suddenly the warm sun leaps
Out of the dark and round them sweeps;
Below them drift the fleecy clouds,
Wrapping the pine-crowned ledge in
shrouds,
But waves of sunshine round them roll
And sweet content is in each soul.
The sweet content that from above
Drops into loving hearts, when Love,
With honor crowned, fills human breast
With heavenly balm for earthly rest.

V.

San Luis Park.

In cheerful mood they saunter forth
Along the River of the North;
The valley lands through which they pass
Are rich with undulating grass;
The patient kine, in pastures green,
Make up a quiet, rural scene;
The farmhouse and the fields of grain,
Stretching far out upon the plain,
Bespeak the thrifty farmer's nest
Set close to loving Nature's breast.
North, east and west the mountains rise;
Their snowy summits seek the skies;
There, snow-crowned peaks; here, meadow-lands
And homes built up by sturdy hands,
Where human hearts live out their lives,
And on each gift of Ceres thrives.
Beyond, the village spires they mark
The Monte Vista of the park,

Where temperance its promise throws,
Above contentment and repose.
The curse that crowns the cup of wine
Is held aloof; there is no sign
Of sorrow over ruined hopes;
No drunkard in the shadow gropes;
And well for human-kind 'twould be
If from these mountains to the sea
The Prohibition gonfalon
Floated from rise to set of sun.

Claude:

We seek a home; shall it be here?

Constance:

Nay, Love, not yet; there may appear
Some other valley fairer far,
Where brighter fields of verdure are;
Have we not read of fruitful climes,
Of warmer vales, where summer times
Are long, and under tree and vine
A second Eden seems to shine?
Our journey scarcely has begun!

You cannot wish that it were done?
There are the mountains yet to climb,
The canons to explore, where Time,
For ages upon ages kept
Weird secrets, while the savage crept
About in ignorance and doubt.

Claude:

Hold, sweet, I yield; come, turn about,
For see—the sun drops down the hills,
The rapid fall of twilight fills
The air with balm. One kiss to show,
I am forgiven——

Constance:

More? No, no, no!
One is enough; keep quiet, Claude!
One kiss is all I can afford
To give you now until—until—
Well, just one more; and now, KEEP STILL!

Oh! Pleasure's crown of pleasure this,
To kiss, and then, again to kiss!

VI.

Ojo Caliente.

Near Cerro Colorado's breast
Ponce de Leon's fountains rest;
The healing waters, crystal clear,
Youth's strength renews from year to
year.
In ages gone the Indians came
To drink from springs of saline fame;
And be they warm or be they cold
They suit the young and charm the old.
Each one some healing virtue shows,
And yields a balm for mundane woes;
The ills that rack the human frame,
The woes that have one common name,
All yield before the magic spell,
Where the bright, bubbling waters dwell.
Said Claude: "This is a charming nook;
How beautiful the pine trees look,
Dark in shadow against the breast
Of table-lands against the west;

Yon rippling brook with laughter runs
Down to the land of summer suns;
Born of the mountain snow and rain,
But glad to frolic through the plain;
Here romance should its page unfold
About these fountains, centuries old."
"I read," said Constance, "yesterday
A tale that served to charm away
An idle hour, so I'll repeat
The Legend of the Poisoned Wheat."

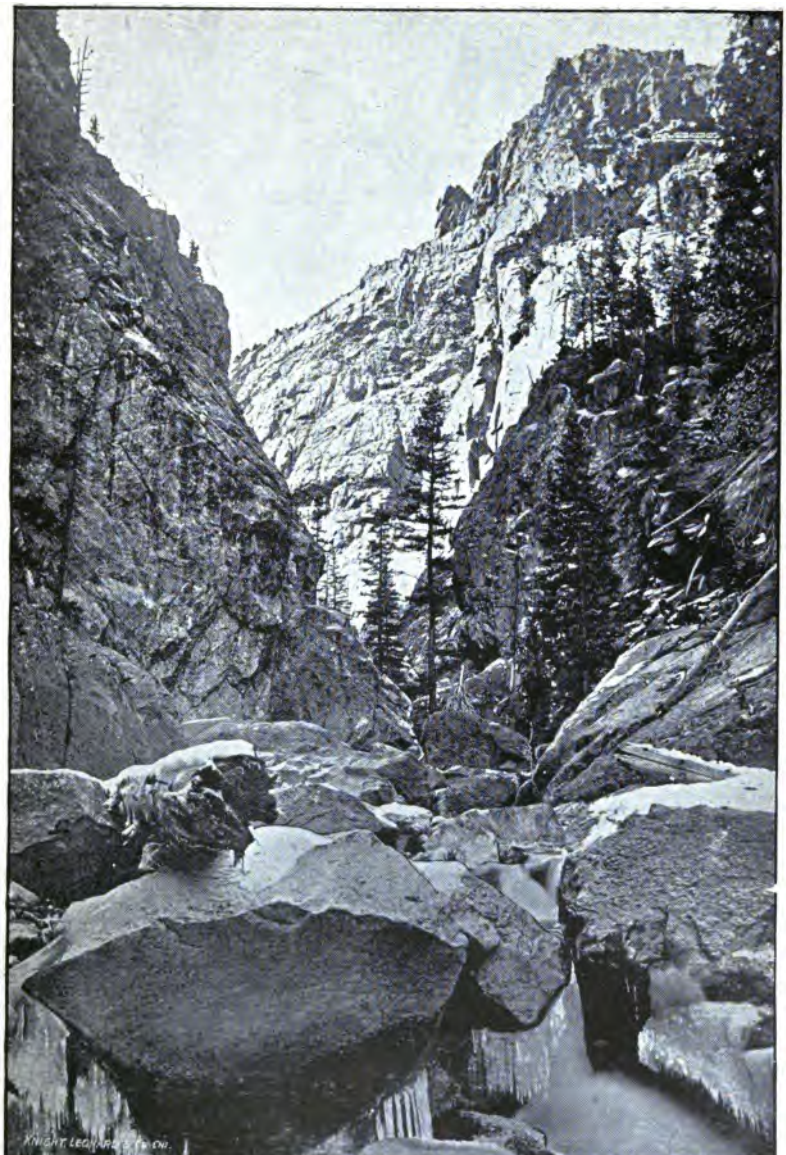
LEGEND OF THE POISONED SPRING.

Each dusky brave forsook the game;
In holiday attire they came
From far-off wood and vale and plain
To meet the Cavaliers of Spain;
Who, from the South and from the East
Had gathered to a Harvest Feast.
Some came in love and some in hate,
The bond of peace to celebrate.
The Spaniard brought his gift of wheat,
The Indian's maize lay at his feet,

And wine of elderberries flowed
Like rain along a mountain road.
In dance and song the moments passed,
Until the moon at midnight cast
Its golden glamour o'er the springs;
Then into one the Spaniard flings
His gift of wheat. To watch it sink,
The Indians gathered round the brink,
And danced and cried in maudlin glee
The wheat-filled bubbling fount to see.
Each in it dipped his cup of horn
And drank his fill. * * * At early morn
The dusky braves lay stark and grim
Beside the poisoned fountain's rim.
The Spaniard, led by lust of gold
To seek Cibola's wealth untold,
Had journeyed hither. Face was white,
But heart was black as starless night.
With honeyed words, with song and dance,
They hid the Indian's bow and lance;
And while the song of peace they sing

They dropped the poison in the spring.

Said Claude: "Where saint and savage
meet
The savage ever finds defeat.
As ever since the Mayflower's day,
When on the beach at Plymouth Bay
The Saxon and the Indian race
Met in dire battle, face to face.
Well has 'H. H.' the story spun;
The records of dishonor run
Across two centuries of years
In spite of Mercy's pleas or tears.
Come, Love, the waters drink, and then
We'll take our onward way again."



TOLTEC GORGE.

Main

VII.

Pueblo de Taos.

Constance:

You left me, Love, an hour or so,
All, all alone; why did you go?
Has ennui come so very soon
To cloud our happy Honeymoon?

Claude:

I left you? Yes; but not from grief;
Rather to find an hour's relief
From a surfeit of happiness,
When within reach of your caress!

Constance:

How sweet to think—but stay! You know
The moments passed away so slow,
To while away the tedious time,
I jotted down a little rhyme.

Claude:

A poet, you? I did not know
I had such treasure won; and so,

Since you have written rhymes, you see,
'Tis fair you read them all to me.

Constance:

'Tis but a Legend, vague and faint,
Of olden days, when Spanish saint
In Monastery lone and dim
Sang Matin song and Vesper hymn.
But in one Temple silence crept
On all things human. No man wept
And no monk smiled. No words were said;
Each walked about as of the dead.
Only at intervals a bell
Struck this sad warning: "All is well;
Another hour of vital breath
Has fled, and so much nearer, death."
Perchance this was the very place;
These ruins in their rugged grace
The Silent Palace might have been
Where Silence served to shrive from sin.

Claude:

Sweetheart, your thought seems so sublime.
Surely, when it is set to rhyme
It must fall sweetly on the ear;
Let me the ancient Legend hear.

LEGEND OF THE PALACE OF SILENCE.

A monk in the Palace of Silence
Sat counting his amber beads;
With white and tapering fingers
That trembled like wind-swept reeds;
But never a word he uttered,
And never a sound was thrown,
Through the alabaster cloisters
In the amethystine zone.

Vows of perpetual silence
He uttered, who walked therein;
In the world he left behind him,
He had left all worldly sin;
From his cell out into the chapel,

From shrine back into his cell,
Each walked as he meditated,
But he spake no syllable.

Only the water-clock ticking
And only the striking bell,
As they told the time of praying,
On the solemn silence fell.
And this was the hourly message:
"Thou art so much nearer death,
O monk of the rueful visage!
O mortal with failing breath!"

Outside there were blooming gardens,
The richest that Nature knew;
Where the red, red rose of passion
By the saintly lilies grew.
But even the birds were banished,
Lest their song should be a sin,
By suggesting thoughts of pleasure
Where pleasure had never been.

The only sound of disturbance,
In the leafy solitudes,
Was the tread of feet, soft sandaled,
The rustle of long, white robes
Of the monks among the lilies,
With a face as white and calm,
With a body born of passion
But a soul baptized with balm.
But oh! in the lonely vigil
Of the weary day or night,
Did they see no mocking vision
Of an Elim of delight?
Or echo of song or laughter
From virginal, rosebud lips?
Or tremulous speech of Eros
When the moon was in eclipse?

In the silence of life made equal
To the silence born of death,
In their amethystine palace
(So the ancient legend saith),
In a solemn soul communion,

With all worldly sins forgiven,
Each monk for the message waited
That would waft his soul to Heaven.

But the palace gates are broken,
And ruined the jasper walls;
And within each sacred chamber
The owl to his fellow calls.
While each votary of silence,
Each heart that was hard as stone,
Has into the vanished ages
Forever and ever flown.

VIII.

Toltec Gorge.

At Toltec Gorge the tourists wait;
They pass the awesome tunnel gate;
They peer below through depths profound;
A dropping stone creates no sound
When falling through the shades of night

That can be heard upon the height.
A precipice of splintered rocks,
Result of huge Titanic shocks
That indicate an older world
When Chaos, crags and boulders hurled,
And sat in triumph on its throne,
The only monarch Earth would own.
Far down the gorge a ribbon white
As snow-shine gleamed upon the sight;
A fringe of verdure crowned the scene—
A silver warp in woof of green;
The water in the distance ran
In silence, and unheard by man;
Too far below the ripples run
To catch the kisses of the sun.
A mystery of Time is here,
A wonder of the Hemisphere;
Hard by the scene a shaft of stone
Stands in the silence and alone.
A single word the story tells
At which a nation's bosom swells

With sorrow, for a Hero's fate,
A princely ruler, grand and great.
The day they laid his form away
This stone was lifted to the day;
Ten thousand feet above the tide,
Between two oceans that divide
The Western from the Eastern world.
His name is evermore impearled
Upon this monument to Fame,
Graved as it is with GARFIELD'S name.
When centuries have run their race
And later nations take our place
In spheres of action (even as now
We gaze upon a Pharaoh's brow
Dead for three thousand years or more),
So then, some searcher will explore
These Toltec hills and find this shaft,
Sign of a skillful workman's craft,
Will read the name upon the stone
And say, he lived in ages gone,
A mighty ruler of the land,

Slain by a foul assassin's hand.
A mortal, with a mortal's breath,
But made immortal by his death.

IX.

Moonlight on the Rio Florida.

Southward, to reach the San Juan's breast,
The Rio Florida runs to rest;
Wild roses, with rich verdure rank,
Peep through the bushes on each bank;
The larkspur and wild cypress vine
In azure and in scarlet shine;
The sunflower in its crown of gold
And stately mien looks over-bold;
The meadow daisy at its feet
In modest grace is far more sweet;
Abronias whiten plain and hill,
And mirabilis blooms at will
Through many a sunny afternoon
To welcome in the rising moon;
Penstemons scarlet, pink and blue,

And brilliant gilias, are in view.
A floral host, to crown the hours,
Is found beside the stream of flowers.
The moon is growing full and round;
Its lines of brilliant light abound
And drape the lovers as they walk;
It listens to their loving talk,
As it has listened since the hour
When Eve and Adam, in the bower
Of Eden, in each other's face
Looked and found Love, with witching grace,
Glancing with meek and mild surprise
Out of the depths of smiling eyes.

Claude:

Fit hour for reverie is this!
And by yon moon I swear, my bliss
Is growing like it, round and full,
To make life bright and beautiful.

Constance:

My thoughts have run upon the moon

Each idle hour this afternoon;
I'll give them utterance now, or wait;
Perchance the hour is very late!

Claude:

Dear heart, the time befits the theme;
The moon is shining on the stream;
I at thy feet could sit for hours
And listen, by this stream of flowers.

AN INVOCATION.

O quiet Moon. Thy rays
Are chariots, by which we mount in dreams
And swiftly speed away from earthly cares,
And in thy bosom our Elysium find.
We know thy story from the earliest years;
Thy Queenship antedates e'en Adam's day;
Thy chronicles are filled with Eden's bloom;

Ere fell the shadow on the sinning pair,
Ere swung the sword before its closing gate.
Thy silvery beams shone down on Noah's ark
And welcomed it to rocky Ararat!
And when the stones of the first pyramid
Were laid, the grand name of Rameses sent
No tremor to thy breast, as unto theirs
Who bent to do the bidding of the King.
To thee the bosom of the earth is bare;
It has no riddle that thou canst not read;
It offers nothing that thou hast not known.
Invoked by Jason as he sailed the sea,
First watched by bold Chalde in an eclipse,
Loved by Columbus as he crossed the main,
Companion of the Mayflower pilgrim band,

Man's comforter in every age and land,
Blessed by the sick, beloved by old and young,
What tongue can utter, or what pen can trace,
The spell that lingers round thy shining arc?
Oh, let my soul float on thy silvery tide;
Still of thy happy valleys let me dream;
Still let me feel my feet are on the road
That leads earth's wanderers to thy blessed home.
This world at best is but a field of thorns,
And life is evermore with sorrow rife;
And tender are the feet that daily tread
The wine-press of a sad experience;
And in the morning and the sultry noon
Life's harp hath strings forever out of tune,
Until the quiet night, with sovereign balm,
Like that of Gilead, in her tender touch,

Leans the sad soul upon her pillowy
breast
And, all divorced from sorrow and from sin,
We kiss the Lotus of Forgetfulness.
Oh, quiet moon!
Calm sphere of silver in a sea of sky!
Bend down and let me on thy bosom rest!
So shall I have a respite from all care;
So shall my weary spirit find repose;
So shall I dream this happy dream again
Lost in the shining Valley of the Blest.

Low hangs the moon, as if to bless
And teach the pair forgetfulness;
Low hangs the moon; it smiles to see
Caress as close as one can be
When lip meets lip, and clasping arm
Holds heart to heart—each safe from
harm;
Inmates of earthly Eden bowers
Arising by the stream of flowers.

X.

Montezuma Valley.

Out from Durango's charming town
Constance and Claude went riding down;
They crossed the river of Lost Souls
Whose silvery current southward rolls;
The trees that lined the river's ledge,
The grass that fringed the river's edge,
The clover in the meadow land,
The birds that sang on every hand,
The warm bright sun, the clear blue sky
All cheered them as they journeyed by.
They crossed the hills and took their way
To where the sun, at close of day,
Drops down behind horizon bars
And signals in the twinkling stars.
O'er verdurous plain, through pleasant
park
They pass, and Nature's beauties mark;
They cross the Mancos on their way

And in its valley fain would stay;
It seemed so fair, all Nature's face
Was ruddy with uncultured grace;
Rugged and rough but everywhere
Crowned with an unpolluted air.
Full soon they stand within the pale
Of Montezuma's famous vale;
A valley of extreme delight
It bursts upon the lovers' sight;
Strange silence sat on hill and plain;
There ran no river to the main,
The pine trees on the ridges stood
Sole warders of the solitude;
The mounds upon the mesa, strewn
With broken pottery and stone,
Were symbols of an ancient race
That once made vocal all the place.
Here Constance found some ancient
charms—
An onyx bracelet for the arms,
A topaz ear-drop, which, perchance,

CLIFF DWELLINGS.

Mgll

Some Aztec princess wore at dance;
While Claude, in search of relics old,
Dug from a heap of ashen mould
Some cobs of corn, whose grains were food
In nŏurishing a household brood;
The evidence of peace and thrift
In ages long gone by, whose drift
Thus stranded on these mesa lands
Bespoke a race whose toiling hands
Found in the soil the foods that bless:
The corn and wine of cheerfulness.
But who shall open wide the page
And tell the story of that age?
That far-off age and unknown race
Who once made populous the place?
In this new land which seems so old
Each stone some secret doth enfold;
The air with mystery is rife,
Suggestive of some ancient strife;
Each cliff an Aztec home reveals,

Each silent chamber close conceals
The secret of their rise and fall;
Oblivion's veil is over all.
But he who reads can note the signs,
Written in clear, unfading lines,
Of still another change to be,
In which once more the vine, the tree,
The corn field, will be found again;
A later race shall fill the plain;
The hum of traffic will arise
Where silence now reigns 'neath the skies;
A thousand homes, where death and birth
Shall sadness make or bless the earth
In years to come, will here be found
Where solitude gives place to sound—
The sound of singing, such as comes,
When happiness crowns earthly homes.

Claud:e

Is this fair vale through which we pass
The happy vale of Rasselas?
And could we not, sweet Constance, find

A home here, suited to our mind?

Constance:

Perhaps—perhaps—I do not know!
I love these pines whose branches throw
Such veils of shadow to our feet,
And all the air is pure and sweet,
As earth, I fancy, must have been
Ere Eden felt the taint of sin;
But, since decision rests with me—
Are there not other vales to see?

Claude:

Yes; here we touch the western rim;
But, ere we turn, Love, in this dim,
Uncertain light——

Constance:

One kiss? Oh yes,
If one will give you happiness.

So once, did Aztec prince, his arms
Enclose within, the dusky charms

Of some young maiden, and his kiss
Was as a seal on perfect bliss.
The kiss survives; but where are they?
Princess and prince have passed away,
And lovers of a later race
Tread in their footsteps—take their place.

XI.

On the Rio Dolores.

Claude:

Here the river of sorrow runs!
How many moons, how many suns
Have risen and set upon its flow
Since it was called the stream of woe?
Over the torrent, swift and deep,
Caves are set in yon cliffs so steep;
Each is the ruined dwelling-place
Of some unknown and ancient race,
When deeper river ran along
And listened unto human song.

Never a written word survives
To tell the tale of human lives
That toiled and suffered, loved and lost,
Were on the waves of pleasure tossed,
When the Ute mount was but a hill,
And Mancos, now a little rill,
Like a broad river swept along
With current deep and swift and strong,
Through Cortez valley, till its flow
Found rest in th' Gulf of Mexico.
Sweetheart, 'tis theme for muse of thine;
Trim up the lamp and let it shine.

Constance:

Last night in dreams it came to me
Like driftwood from an unknown sea;
Flotsam and jetsam from the past
On recollection's beaches cast.
And even now I still retain
An echo of the mourning strain;
A Sad Lament of joy and woe
From peoples vanished long ago.

A LAMENT.

On the shores of the Rio Dolores
  My ears catch a tremulous strain;
A lament, as it were, for past glories
  Of river and meadow and plain.
But the voices are mute in the chambers
  That are niched in the time-stained walls,
And 'tis only a stranger who clambers
  For relics in cliff-dwellers' halls.

Will the chant of the river of sorrow
  Ever be changed to a song?
From the past only legend we borrow,
  The future to fate doth belong.
The grasses grow rank in the meadow,
  The mounds on the hill-top are green;
And the passage of sunlight or shadow
  Falls over a desolate scene.

Dolores, thou river of sorrow,
  Come out from where shadows abound;

Though we fade as the leaf fades, to-morrow,
To-day let the sunshine flow round.
They were, but they are not. The ages
Are dumb, and their pleasure or pain
Are scrolled on the long hidden pages
We ask, and we seek, for in vain.

Perchance Love was to them the same passion
Humanity ever has known;
They were young, they grew old; in their fashion
They smiled when their pleasure was shown;
They were eager for fame or for riches,
Their altars with gifts were aglow—
But the ashes are heaped in the niches
And their fires flickered out long ago.

Now the river of sorrow rolls onward,
And mystery broods o'er the scene;

Now the pine and the pinon look sunward
And the banks of the river are green.
And my eyes catch a glimpse of the glories
Springing out from a long vanished day
When the vale of the Rio Dolores
With laughter of lovers was gay.

For the moon was the same in its glory
And the stars were as tender and true
To the lovers who whispered their story
With kisses, as lovers will do.
But the lips that gave kisses have vanished,
And the hearts, once with passion aflame,
To the dust of the ages are banished,
Leaving only a shadowy name.

Claude:

Ah yes! But in the years to come
These vales may be no longer dumb,
But echo with the song that slips
In joyous cadence from the lips
Of young or old, whose footsteps stray
Adown this pleasant valley way.

Constance:

Warm breezes blow against my mouth—
Fresh from the sunny, amorous south;
Suggesting roses white and red
And berries hid in leafy bed.
One scarce would think the flowing stream
Suggested such a sorrowing theme;
As clouds the sun will sometimes hide,
So sadness waits at pleasure's side.
Come, Love, the daylight fades away;
We'll talk of this some other day.

XII.

Rio de las Animas Perdidas.

Who nature loves should surely pass
Up the silvery Animas;
At first, a valley broad and green,
Arrayed in Nature's fairest sheen,
With meadow and with orchard land,
While overhead gaunt ledges stand

Where pinon, pine and quaking asp
Their interlacing branches clasp.
A pleasant day at Trimble Springs
Can well be spent; the hours with wings
Seem all endowed, so swift they fly
Under the San Juan's sunny sky.
The fretful river onward speeds
From snow-crowned peaks to verdant
meads,
But narrows, in its winding way
As up the canon, old and gray,
Its shifting lines of silver run;
Now shining in the summer sun,
And now within the gorge's deeps,
A thousand feet below it sweeps.
Far up in air the fleecy clouds
In cumulus, aerial crowds
Are flecked against the azure arc
And hang like veils o'er Baker's Park.
Oh, stream of splendor, is it true
The sad, sad tale that's told of you?

Your very name a story tells
Suggestive of funereal knells;
Of home and love forever lost—
Of souls upon the river tossed;
Lost souls who, where these waters wind,
Oblivion forever find!
What is there in the current clear
That makes such transformation here?
What is the story of past years—
A story only told with tears?
The River of Lost Souls! Ah me!
That there should such a river be.
Said Constance: "In a volume old
The legend of the stream is told.
Two angels with the Wheel of Fate
Once in this valley dwelt; the gate
Of entrance to their weird abode
Was where the shining river flowed,
And open unto all who came
Their future fate to know; if fame
Or wealth or love or high renown

Were to be theirs, or if the frown
Of fortune was their fate to be—
Lost souls upon oblivion's sea."
"Tell me the tale; it may be sad,"
Said Claude; "Life's hours are not all glad;
The shadow out of sunshine grows
And thorns are ever with the rose."
"True," Constance answered, "Let us hope
Our wedded life holds wider scope;
And that our future, as it rolls
Will miss the River of Lost Souls;
That angels twain or wheel of fate
May not upon our coming wait."

THE WHEEL OF LETHE.

By Lethe's wheel
Two angels stood; one turned it round and round,
And one, blind-folded, on its left side stood;

She from it took a slender, shining slip,
Each time her white and waxen hand fell down
Within the wheel; and on these slips were names
Of those who sought their fate in life to know.
So, one by one she took them from the wheel,
The Lethean wheel, forever turning round;
And one by one the other angel took
Them from her lifted hand, and in the stream
She cast them down; as on its shining breast
They fell, she cried: "Oh, Lethe! these are they
Who fill the army of Lost Souls! fore-doomed
To wander evermore from peak to plain;
To listen to the song the river sings

And find no pleasure in it—only pain
And agony of grief! The sun may shine,
The moon its penciled radiance round
them throw,
The stars, serene and calm, look pitying
down,
But nevermore as long as river rolls
Or seasons come and go shall they return;
They are lost souls forever, ever more.

And oh!
How many flitted through the shadow
there;
What countless myriads sought rest in
vain;
Eftsoons as on the river's breast their
names
Were dropped, a wailing sound of woe
was heard;
The pine trees in the valley caught it up
And carried it to pines upon the hills;

The wind, the wanton wind, the story heard
And bore it upward, to the bending stars;
And earthly sorrow thus found entrance way
To court of Heaven; and pitying angels said
To Him who sitteth on the Great White Throne:
"Oh stay our sisters' hands, or bid them show
The way lost souls may enter Paradise;
Lost souls that now, upon this stream,
Are doomed forevermore to come and go."

And then
The angel, Mercy, clasping her white hands
Bent low before the pearl and jasper throne
And said: "Send me to stay the turning wheel

And bring our sisters back to their abode."
Then He whose name is Love, looked pitying down
And bade her go. Swift as the lightning's flash
She coursed the space between the stars and earth
And cried: "Through Love the curse is now removed;
The way is open and the path is plain;
No more need souls be lost who seek to win
An entrance into Paradise." The wheel
Of Lethe in the running stream she cast;
Then with the angels twain arose in air
And journeyed to the Blessed Land above.

This is the legend, growing old with Time—
The legend of the River of Lost Souls.

RIO DE LAS ANIMAS.

XIII.

From Silverton to Cimarron.

Two miles above the ocean's bed
Our travelers are kindly led
To Silverton, that pleasant town
Hemmed in by hills of high renown;
A jewel in an emerald frame,
And worthy of its growing fame.
Here nature's veins of silver turn,
Her breasts with untold treasure burn;
Which hands of toil, by faith supreme,
Wrest from the rock in royal stream.
Earth long its treasure trove concealed,
Till man, the master, searched the field
And set the silvery current free,
Gift of the hills and good to see;
For wealth, dispensed by liberal mind,
A blessing is to all mankind.

From Silverton, across the hills,
The scenery forever fills

The soul; the grandeur on each hand
Rivals the fame of Switzerland;
The scenic splendor of the way,
The time, the toil, will well repay;
The cliffs profound, the rocky road,
Leading to some recluse abode;
Bear Falls, with sheet of water white,
Ever resplendent, day and night,
All win some words of praise from those
Who cross these hilltops flecked with snows;
And Claude and Constance, on their way
Across the San Juan range would stay
Their steps, and point, with out-stretched arms,
To many a scene of rugged charms,
Until, just at the close of day,
They reached the streets of fair Ouray.

Who sees Ouray, by day or night,
Will see a vision of delight;

And though they roam from peak to sea,
Will keep in constant memory
Its caves, its springs, its canons old,
Its sandstone cliffs, like buttress bold,
Standing, like wardens of a town,
Upon the threshold of renown.
For there will come a time when eyes
Unnumbered will, with rapt surprise,
Linger and look, and linger still,
On Canon Creek, by Cascade rill,
Sending its lissome sheet of spray
Like veils of beauty round Ouray.
Here Claude and Constance linger long
And owned the scene as worthy song;
Song such as flows from poet's pen
Born of the mountain, stream and glen.

Now down the Uncompahgre vale
They follow the old Indian trail;
Reminder of the savage host
Is seen at old Los Pinos post.
No more the wild war whoop is heard,

No more the heart with fear is stirred
In frontier cabin, where affright
Came with the coming of the night,
Lest, ere the stars gave place to day,
Some cherished form in death should lay,
Slain by the cruel Indian's hand,
The Ishmael of the Western land.
Soon meadow, garden, fields of grain
And cabin homes bedeck the plain,
Showing the presence of a race
That, under Nature's bounteous grace,
Change desert lands to bowers fair,
Creating beauty everywhere.

Montrose, "fair village of the plain,"
Ere long is reached, and not in vain
Is sought the comfort and the rest
Our travelers need to make them blest.
Then, toward the east they turned their way,
Till Cerro Hill behind them lay;
By devious roads and winding track,

Now forward, and now turning back,
They reach, just at the set of sun,
The charming nook of Cimarron.

XIV.

From Cimarron to Gunnison.

A charming nook, a cool retreat,
The waters flashing at one's feet;
The blue, blue arc, so far away,
The rounded hills, where young lambs play;
The frowning walls, that rise like Fate
Before Black Canon's narrow gate,
To bid the traveler pause who would
Rashly confront the solitude
That lies beyond—a dark defile,
That scarcely sees the sun's bright smile,
But evermore in shadow sleeps
Where Gunnison's green water sweeps.
He who from busy life would run,

He who abode of men would shun,
He who in solitude sublime
Would seek repose or hide his crime,
Will here find hiding place secure,
Will here find solitude made sure
As sun, that shines the world upon
But hides his head at Cimarron.

And yet, the lover, young and old,
Of Nature, with its green and gold
And umber shades, will surely find
This place an Eden to his mind.
And youth, when crowned with happy love,
In pleasure's grove will swiftly move
And find in such a calm retreat
An endless bloom, forever sweet,
And fair to eyes that fondly look
Upon it as an open book,
On which is traced, in fadeless lines,
The happiness that round them shines.
So Claude and Constance thought that day
They watched the ripples and the spray

Floating and flashing on the tide
Till in the Gunnison they glide.
They crossed the bridge, they climbed the
path,
They faced the canon's frown and wrath,
For bristling crags they had no fear;
The rugged cliffs that far and near
Enwrapt the scene in shadow-land
They heeded not as, hand in hand,
They walked to where the waters meet
At Currecanti Needle's feet.
Like some cathedral spire sublime,
Like some huge monument of Time,
It stands, while on its tapering peak
The summer sun plays hide and seek,
Peeping behind its walls of stone
To watch the shadows it has thrown.
A thread of foam at Crystal Falls
Drops down to smooth its shelving walls,
And seeks the running river's breast
As a child might, to find a rest

Upon its mother's bosom, warm
And white—a haven from the storm
That might arise to cloud the sky
And sweep in threatening shadows by;
They hear its cooing, murmuring tones
As, slipping over sand and stones,
The crystal water disappears
And hides itself in other spheres
Of action.

Constance:

Dearest, such a spot
As this is sacred; is it not?
Our Honeymoon has been, thus far,
One round of pleasure, naught to mar
Or cloud our pathway as we go
Through vales of flowers, o'er hills of snow,
Through canons crowned with stately pine,
To garden lands of corn and vine.

Claude:

Could life like this forever be?

Could we thus cross life's stormy sea,
With sails to favoring breezes spread
Till to the haven we were led,
What happy lot were ours! Each day
Some pleasure crowns us on our way;
And when night's mantle folds our nest
A thousand happy fancies rest
Within us. Love is love indeed
When equal to all human need.

The canon widens as they go
Toward Tomichi's crown of snow,
Past Sapinero's rock-bound nest,
Where, for an hour, the lovers rest,
Then onward speed till Gunnison
And its La Veta inn are won;
Where Constance in poetic mood
Sketched this Black Canon interlude.

BLACK CANON.

By winding ways
We drop from mountain summits down to vales
Where sunshine lingers and yet shadows lurk
In deep defiles, pine-crowned and robed in snow.
With motion swift, yet sure, we glide along
Until at Sapinero's gate we stand
And pause, where cedar, evergreen and pine
Commingle, and the landscape stretches out
To one broad sheet of beauty, while we catch
Late and last glimpses of Tomichi's dome
With its white, western breast bared to the sun,
Its feet in shadow. Then, as we glide on,
We see on one side coverlets of snow,

And on the other, bare, brown hills that lift
Their umber bosoms to embracing skies.

Below,
The dark, green waters glide all foam-lashed down;
Above, steep, age-washed rocks, whose sides reveal
The secrets of uncounted eons fled,
The jagged rocks, scarred, seamed and cut, betray
Unceasing warfare with the elements,
And, closing in with narrower walls, now give
Faint glimpses only of blue sky above.
The waters foam at Currecanti's feet,
Whose needle point is lifted up to heaven
Suggestive of a better land. Near by
The smiling waves dash madly down, as if
In race with stream and angry at defeat.

Here a huge stone, like lion couchant waits
To fret the waters on their downward way;
Here, Crystal Falls, its slender thread of foam
Drops down from dizzy heights and gently falls
Into the bosom of the parent wave.
As past the Cimarron we glide, we see
Faint foot-prints of the winter, left behind
To lighten up the landscape, umber-hued
And stained by chemic changes in the rocks—
White patches upon Nature's generous breast,
That nurse the grasses to their roots and win
The wild-flowers to the warmth and bloom of June.
For even here, dear Mother Earth delights

To robe herself; as when, in valley lands,
She binds her waist with dainty lily buds
And on her forehead wears a wreath, engirt
With rainbow colors from the meadow flowers.

Ere long
We see the rock-ribbed canon slow unclose
As gates might do that ope to Paradise;
We see the sloping, cedar-wooded hills
That clasp the sunshine to their rounded breasts
Whereon the firstlings of the flock may feed—
The lambs that gambol in the balmy air
While ravens, flapping heavy plumage, float
Along; and in the pause of moments we can hear
The blackbird's twitter and the lark's light song,

Until are reached the pleasant valley lands
That in the Uncompahgre Valley lie,
The valley of a thousand prosperous
homes.

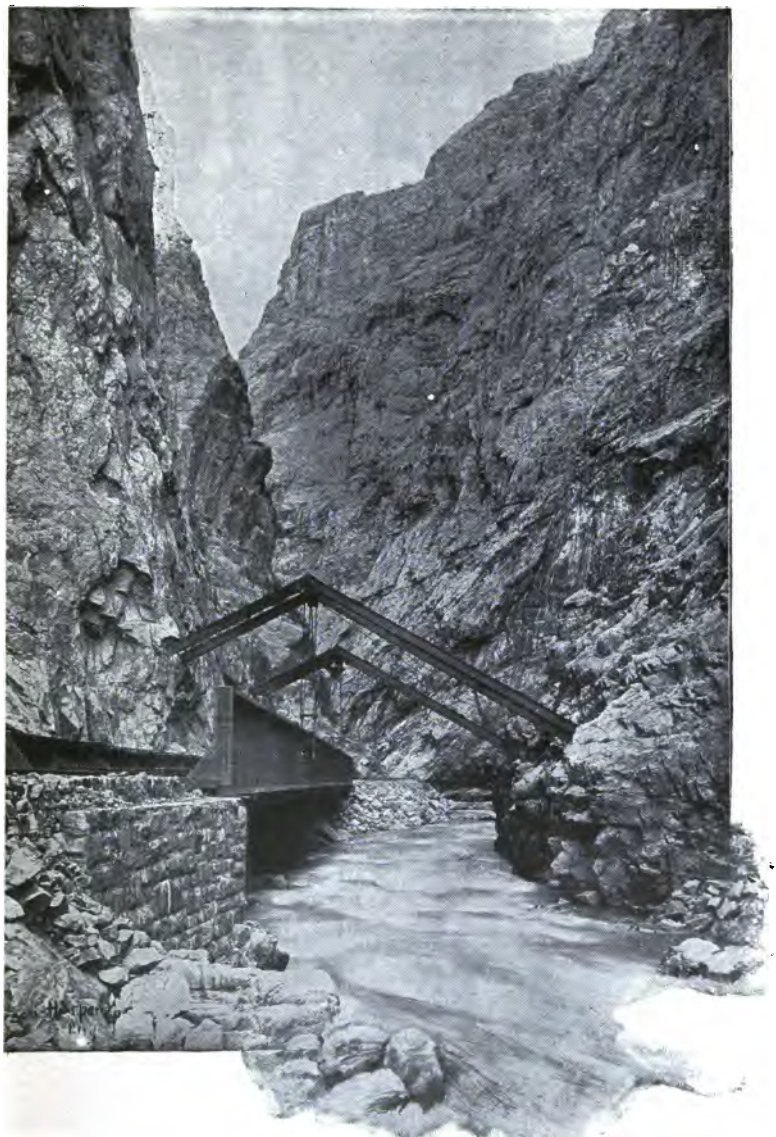
XV.

The Vale of Tomichi.

Up the Tomichi's sparkling stream
Our lovers go, as in a dream;
Winding among the willow brush,
The quiet broken by the rush
Of lowing kine through pastures sweet,
Where juicy grasses hide the feet
Of these two, as rapt by the scene,
They move along the meadows green.
Near, and yet far, Tomichi's crest
Looks down upon this rural nest;
Its rounded bosom, crowned with pine
And cedar, while the creeping vine
Garlands the struggling underwood,

Where the wild deer have often stood
As, stooping down the crumbling brink,
The waters of the creek they drink.
These once were numberless; but now
The rifle ball, the bending bow,
The rapid settlement of men,
Have decimated gorge and glen,
And only by some lucky chance
One sees them through the woodland prance,
Swifter than arrow to its mark,
To safe retreat in bosky park.
Tomichi's springs are near at hand,
A sanitarium for the land,
Whose waters, with rare virtues rife,
Refill the sluggish veins of life
With vigor strong from blood renewed,
Won from the virgin solitude,
Where Nature, through her chemic art,
The healing beams of health impart.
Above, beyond, the rocky hills

Loom grandly up. Their presence fills
The heart with wonder, awe and pride,
Of those who climb the mountain side
To cross the pass through storm and snow
To valley lands that lie below.
And now begins the winding way,
The devious course, the long delay,
By which, o'er wooded hills of grass,
The traveler reaches Marshall Pass.
What mighty peaks the distance crown!
Their feet are green, their bosoms brown,
Their heads with spotless snow are crowned,
Eternal silence reigns around.
A Switzerland of peaks is here
Whose summits into azure rear.
No glittering glaciers bar the way,
But frowning hills obscure the day
And danger lurks in spots untold
Where crumbling ledges lose their hold.
Now suddenly Cimmerian gloom



ROYAL GORGE.

Descends, as if the day of doom
Had fallen; drifting clouds drop down,
The face of Nature wears a frown,
Which changes into tears of pain
Descending in slim ropes of rain.
The lightning sends its angry flash
Across the horizon; the crash
Of thunder long and loud resounds,
And rumbles to remotest bounds
Of space; the heavy air is rife
With peril from the strain and strife
Of elements electrified
And battling on the mountain side.

Under the shadow of a rock
Constance and Claude wait, till the shock
Of sudden shower has ceased its wrath;
Then sunshine sweeps the rain-drenched
path;
The clouds move slowly past the ledge
Where they were drooping on its edge,
And lo! the earth, erstwhile in tears,

Has shaken off its spasm of fears;
Blue sky and shining sun bend low,
Wild roses in the sunshine glow,
The very daisies at their feet
Are by the shower made more sweet;
The rivulets that past them run
Flash brighter ripples to the sun,
As, swollen to a torrent deep,
Through dark defiles they downward
sweep.
They stand on Marshall Pass, whose page
Reveals the round earth's hoary age.
The birthplace of the storm they see,
And stand close to the mystery
Of wondrous Chronos, from whose throes
Titanic battlements arose,
When rocks high in mid air were hurled
From th' furnace of the under world.

Now down the Pass Claude leads the way;
They watch the shadows as they play
In every dell, defile and nook,

And hide the purling Poncha brook;
Running as if in haste to rest
Within some river's ampler breast.
Down, down descending slopes they go—
Behind, the mountains crowned with snow;
Beside them, precipices deep,
Where darkness and where danger sleep;
Before them glimpses brief but sweet
Of vales secluded in retreat;
Of parks enclosed in pine-ridged hills
Through which meander laughing rills;
Above, the sky in clouds arrayed,
Their edge in rainbow colors laid.
The plains of Poncha meet their eyes;
In calm of rest the village lies,
As if content and earthly peace
From human ailment gave release.
Ere long they in Salida stand—
The gateway to the summer-land.
Resting upon the river's slopes,
And throbbing with a thousand hopes;

With promise of an honored name,
And looking out on coming fame.
Upon its brow may garlands wait—
A noble city of the state.
Its homes, its gardens and its fields,
With all that loving Nature yields
To those who at her temple kneel
And plead for human wealth and weal,
To fall in fullest measure down
And all the passing seasons crown.

XVI.

The Royal Gorge.

An idle day one could not spend
To better profit than to bend
One's footsteps to the wild defile
Where Nature blends a frown and smile,
On granite walls and foaming stream,
Where shadow and where sunshine gleam,
And in Grand Canon's heart reveal

The secrets Nature would conceal.
A thousand years of shade and sun
In Nature's story count as one;
And who can in the granite trace
The foot-prints of the ancient race
That peopled hill and vale below
Before the gorge began to grow?
The stars, the moon, the sun, we ask—
The ancient landmarks take to task—
From rounded rock the secret seek—
We bid the hoary pine trees speak—
We ask the river as it runs
The number of unnumbered suns
That on it shone, before the tide—
Once in its flowing, deep and wide—
Down dwindled to the narrow bed,
Cribbed and confined, until it sped
Through canon walls two thousand feet
Below their crest. The crags repeat
The question. Echo takes the sound
And sends it upward and around,

Then waits the answer—but in vain;
The mist, the snowflake and the rain,
In the Arcana dim and vast,
Rise, flash and flit forever past,
While men, immortal though they be,
No wiser grow. The things they see,
Evoked from Nature's solitude,
Are scarcely ever understood.
The waters flash, the waters flow,
They fret the rocks as on they go,
They throw their spray upon the ledge,
They purl along the pebbled edge
Where never flower is seen or bird
Is in the awful silence heard.
This gulf of air, in somber robes,
Is the eighth wonder of the globe.

Upon the bridge the wedded pair
Stand as if poised in upper air;
The river runs beneath their feet,
Above, the cleft rocks almost meet,

Hiding from view the rift of light
That struggles down to meet the sight.
Man supplements the work of Time
Till Nature is indeed sublime.

Constance:

Hear you the beating of my heart?
At every little sound I start!
My soul with wonder and with awe
Is filled. I hear the river's roar
And, dizzy with the light and sound,
I fain would stand on firmer ground.

Claude:

Nay, Love, cheer up; the shadows lie
Upon us; but above, the sky
Shines brighter for these darkened slopes
That seem like shrines of buried hopes.

Constance:

I hear the murmur of the stream.
It tells us this is not a dream;
That but a little space away

It flashes in the noontide's ray.
It bids us follow where it goes
To kiss the lily and the rose,
To ripple where the tree, the vine,
In Canon's perfumed gardens shine.

Claude:

And if, dear Love and bride of mine,
The kiss it gives be sweet as thine,
It well may seek to swiftly speed
From somber gorge to smiling mead.
And if—look up—sweetheart—such slips
Were never meant——

Constance:

Ah, Claude! my lips
Are tremulous and white, I know,
With whiteness of the stainless snow.
But press them once and not in vain
Will they their roseate hue regain.
Love's kiss their color will restore,
And love is love, forevermore.

XVII.

Canon's Orchard Lands.

The sandstone walls of Canon stand
Like gateways into fairy-land;
The valley opens wide its arms
And shows the world a thousand charms
Of landscape; verdant hills bend low,
The meadows meet the river's flow,
The birds attune melodious throats
And sing of love in cooing notes,
And round "Gate City's" home-like walls
A sense of perfect comfort falls.
He who these fruitful lands would see
Should walk abroad; on plain and lea
The apple trees, in fair array,
Bespeak Pomona's gentle sway.
The vista stretches on each side,
Revealing orchards far and wide
Whose blossom-time in early spring
Give odors like the airs that wing
Their way across Arabian isles,

Where Nature, robed in roses, smiles.
And here, a later time shall come
When the rich fruitage round each home
Shall ripen red; and harvest song
Be heard the Fruitmere lands among.
Nor this alone; for from the vine
Will purple clusters hang, in sign
That here the vineyard tribute yields
To supplement the grain, whose fields
Are ripening, thus giving food
And drink to all the multitude.
The valley widens as it goes
And adds new charms of scene to those
It holds so closely to its heart,
Where canon and where river part;
Until, where Canon City stands
And wooes the world with fruit-filled hands,
It seems as if no fairer spot
On earth could come; where, care forgot
And sorrow banished, life would glide

On tides of bliss, beatified.
The river whispered, as it ran,
Its messages of peace to man.
"I bear," it said, "upon my tide
The shining waters; as they glide
To grain fields and to orchard lands,
Distributed by busy hands,
They are as pearls the Princess slips,
In legend old, from rosebud lips.
They touch the earth and from it grows
The peach, the almond and the rose;
The tree uplifts its branches tall;
The vine hangs on the sunny wall;
The meadow its alfalfa yields;
Plain lands are changed to barley fields;
And, as in days of Babylon,
The earth, by water kissed, and sun,
Replies, with all its precious store—
God's gift to man, forevermore."

Constance and Claude, in happy talk,
Beside the whispering river walk;

It almost seems as if they'd found,
The chosen spot, the favored ground,
Where, for the years which are to come,
They might build up their earthly home.
The vale is one enriched with flowers
To beautify life's happy hours;
And, with the warmth of sun and sky
On orchard lands and vineyards nigh,
The languorous airs of summer woo
The soul with pleasures Eden knew,
Before the sword of anger swept
Across its gate, or angels wept
To see the sinning human pair
Cast out, life's bitter lot to share;
From bliss of Paradise depart
With scarce a hope to cheer the heart.

Claude:
Is this the end?

Constance:
Nay, Love; you know

Across the hills we still must go;
Beyond the pines whose shadows toss
Beneath the Mount of th' Holy Cross!
There still are scenes as bright and clear
As mirror this star hemisphere
With beauty. And still many ways
In which to pass these honeyed days.

Claude:

Then let us turn our faces west,
Follow the path that seemeth best,
And take such comfort as we may;
Sweet Constance, kiss and come away.

XVIII.

Buena Vista Hot Springs.

Again toward the hill-crowned west
The lovers turn. They see the crest
Of scores of mountains rise in air—
Sangre de Christo's range is bare
Of snow, save isolated peaks

Whose brow eternal winter speaks;
Though flowers may blossom at their feet,
And winds be full of odors sweet,
Upon their heads forever show
The coronals of stainless snow.
Salida's skirts are touched, and then
Their way is up the hills again;
They see Buena Vista's light
Shine faintly through the summer night;
The valley of the Cottonwood
Lies draped in sylvan solitude
Until the Indian Springs arise
In sudden but in glad surprise,
Set underneath the friendly breast
Of hills crowned with eternal rest.

Constance:

Look, Claude! the moon above the hills
Is rising; how its shining fills
The sky with radiance, while the world
In sheen of silvery rays is furled.

Touched by the moonlight, in my thought
A legend runs—a fancy, caught
In idle hours, long time ago,
About the moon; one side aglow
With whiteness, turned toward our world;
The other, in black darkness furled,
Forevermore in shadow thrown
As if forever to atone.
One side a realm of bliss, that seems
Like Paradise as seen in dreams;
While on the other, hither shore
Lies Eden, lost, forevermore.

Claude:

Tell me the story. Could we stand
One moment in that moon-lit land,
What visions strange would meet our eyes!
What glories on our sight would rise!
The music of celestial spheres
Would fall in sweetness on our ears!
And, earth forgetting, by the earth

Forgotten, in the newer birth
Our souls would in the moonshine rest,
Forever and forever blest.

THE MOON MYTH.

An angel led me to the Moon's bright side,
The side where darkness never has been known;
And where eternal brightness dwells and sends
Its radiant earth-shine through the vales and dells.
Beside the sun, the stars, in ebon sky,
Looked down upon the mountains, on whose top
Unceasing splendor shone; flower-bosomed vales
Around us lay, and far and near we saw
Such glory as is never known on earth.
Then, as I looked around, I thought of hearts

Borne down by burdens, weary of their load
That hither look, and in their helplessness
Have wished for happiness in some abode
Like this, and in the silence of the night
Have prayed for passage hither. Happy they
Who these clear, quiet waters walk beside;
Who in these vernal meadows find their rest.
We wonder not the children of the East
Reared lofty temples to Diana's name,
Until all Asia and the Eastern world
Bent low and in the moonlight cold and chaste,
Worshipped the Goddess of the Night, until
Through all the darkened age their homage ran
And echoes in eternal changes swept

Above humanity's wreck-burdened sea.
As thus I mused, the angel's low voice fell
Upon my ear, and listening, I heard
This wondrous tale:

Here in this valley lie
All treasures lost on earth. Here every vow
Men make, a record hath; and every sigh
To which the sorrowing heart gives birth, is here
Held sacred. Here, all reputations lost
By those who, led by th' Will o' Wisp of fame
Or lust of gold, the Rubicon have crossed
And left behind them honor, love and truth;
And here, clustered in an inglorious group,
Are the results of earthly vice and crime;
The ghosts of error, ignorance and hate,
And all the children of the Goddess Sin.

Here are the promises men make in youth
And in their later years forget to keep.
These gather in the after time, to mock
The fears that cluster round the coward's heart
Who sees in all these unrepented years
The arrows of remorse, arrayed against
The entrance into Paradise; each poisoned shaft
Held in an archer's hand, whose aim is true.
All these are here, forgotten for the time,
But ready at the waving of the wand
Of Conscience to leap up and fly to mark
As to Achilles' heel did foeman's lance.
Here all the hopes that send across life's wave
Their rainbow rays, lie wrecked, as on the rocks
Of sad experience they struck and sunk
With all love's treasured idols, one by one.

By force of circumstance, by fell design,
By all the common accidents of time
Each image crumbled, and no record left
Save such sad *In Memoriam* as makes
The tale more sad. And here are gathered pearls
Such as we pass and pick not up, that line
The path we tread with blinded eyes; the flowers
Of faith and charity that bud and bloom
Along the road to Virtue's fair abode;
All these unheeded and unseen are here—
But why the theme pursue? Here all things lost
On earth are found. Even the unremembered dream,
The scarce heard or forgotten word;
And in these valleys of the moon they find
Record against the swiftly-coming hour
When all the secrets of the universe
Shall stand revealed.

Claude:

And if, my Love, the myth were true,
And in the shining moon, we knew
Our vows of love were kept, to wait
Far-off but certain day of fate,
When they would rise as witnesses
To all that was and all that is
To be—what then? Our page of life,
With pen of love and not of strife,
Is to be written, fair and clear,
For every day of every year.

Constance:

Hold me, Love, closer to your breast;
On lips of mine, let your lips rest;
And by this seal and by this sign
Seal me in life or death as thine.

Oh Love! what miracle is this?
What potent power is in thy kiss
That blends our souls to seem as one

As when two streams together run?
To watch one moon, to seek one sea,
Twin-souled to all eternity.

XIX.

Twin Lakes.

Above the sea, ten thousand feet,
The mountains and the waters meet;
So near to Heaven their surface lies
They seem to touch the azure skies;
That lower bend, as if to reach
The mirrored stars that shine in each;
Reflecting back their lucent ray
In brighter lines, as dips the day
Behind Mount Elbert's furrowed form,
Seared by its centuries of storm.
Oh lakes of waters, fitly named,
Between the sky and mountain framed;
Twin Lakes, upon whose quiet breast
Respite is found from life's unrest.

The boatman plies his willing oar,
The boat glides gently from the shore,
And on the undulating spray
We float and dream the hours away;
The summer hours, that swiftly pass
As vapors flit across the glass.
La Plata's mountain, stern and bold;
Twin Peaks, like brothers, calm and cold;
Lake Mountain and Mount Sheridan,
All are as warders, bidding man
Respect the world-old virgin grace,
And keep unstained fair Nature's face.
The forests, with their wealth of pine,
In boweries of balm recline;
And all the charm that Nature wears
In solitude like this, he shares
Who, to enjoy it at its best,
Comes to this quiet spot to rest.
Below, the toil and tire of earth,
Its wail of grief, its song of mirth;
Its memories born of happier hours;

Its roses, fading in June's bowers;
Its thorns, to beating bosom pressed;
Its sorrows, throned in throbbing breast;
And all the wine of human woe
Pressed from the grapes of pain below.
Above, the silence and the stars,
And visions, through celestial bars
Of the Beulah land that waits
Beyond the pearl and jasper gates—
The gates that open at a sign
From the white throne of Love divine,
And lets the soul, when shrived from sin,
The soul from earth-land, enter in,
To walk the streets of shining gold
And sing the song that's never old;
The one the angels sing above—
The song of the Redeemer's love.

Constance:

How near to Heaven we seem to be,
When, from such heights sublime, we see

The starry depths of space unknown
Upon the lake's calm bosom thrown.
How pitiful our passions seem—
Each aspiration, hope or dream,
Which only has an earthly goal
And cannot satisfy the soul.

Claude:

Dear Love, the silence so profound
Resting upon the parks around
Impresses me with awe. I feel
Across my subdued senses steal
Th' influence of the stars, whose rays
Have shone on earth since Eden's days
In pity and in prayer, that men
Might enter Paradise again.

Constance:

And if they do, 'tis Love that waits
To lead them to the swinging gates
Where angel and avenging sword

Work out the mandate of the Lord.
But Love shall conquer—Love shall win
That all who will may enter in.

The shadow falls on peaks and lakes;
The wind the moaning pine-song wakes;
The Twin Lakes waters to and fro
Upon their world-old mission go,
And night and darkness on them fall;
But Love is Guardian over all.

XX.

Fremont Pass.

"On Fremont Pass at last we stand,"
Said Claude. "Brave leader of a band
Of men as brave as he and bold,
Who feared no danger, darkness, cold,
As, amid Nature's scenes so strange,
He crossed the Rocky Mountain Range.
Pathfinder of the glorious West,

Whose tireless feet still onward prest
Through canon wild, o'er mountain steep,
Where eagles from their eyrie sweep,
And, soaring upward to the sky,
They face the sun with fearless eye.
A hero he, who thus revealed
The wealth Sierra's heart concealed.
Of hills where silver, jewels, gold
Were hidden; and of vales where rolled
The waters 'neath whose sparkling flow
Pactolean sands were hid below.
His name will shine on history's page
The hero of this later age."
"But did he for his labors win,"
Said Constance, "such reward, as in
The breasts of grateful people rise?
Where eager hands and sparkling eyes
Heap love and honor, wealth and fame,
Upon the hero's world-known name?
Nay, he who to his native land
An empire gave; whose venturous hand

Opened the Gateway of the West
To El Dorado's golden breast
And to the brotherhood of States
Gave added strength, his name awaits
The justice of a later day
To crown his brow with fadeless bay.
Colombo on Carribean seas,
Fremont on ranges such as these,
Give continents and states to men
And sounding lyre and minstrel's pen
Are silent—to the Nation's shame;
And such, alas! is human fame."

Below, the valley objects fade;
The charms of rivulet and glade
Are lost to vision, as the clouds,
Like shadows or aerial shrouds,
Float round the mount in vaporous streams
Through which the sun sends shining beams.

Oh vision grand! Oh light sublime!
Seldom in story or in rhyme
Such splendid glories cluster round
And crown the consecrated ground.

XXI.

Mount of the Holy Cross.

On consecrated ground; for lo
On yonder heights a Cross of Snow
Is lifted in the air, a sign
And symbol, graved on Nature's shrine;
And, since the world itself began,
Telling its story unto man.
To Man, who floats upon Time's wave,
Whose moving bosom is a grave;
Whose life is said to be a span
Ending as soon as it began.
The Mountain of the Holy Cross
Gives Heavenly gain for Earthly loss
To all who bend their willing feet

To where the promise, so complete,
Is written! Unto all who will,
Beneath the Cross climb Calvary's Hill.
When was it set in Nature's breast?
Who knoweth? Centuries have prest
On centuries moving swiftly by
Since first it kissed the air and sky.
Perchance before the moon grew cold—
Perchance before the stars grew old—
Ere Rameses reigned in kingly state—
Ere Christ, beneath the Jewish hate,
Moved with the Cross upon his breast
To the Golgothan place of rest,
And Nature, at the cruel act,
Awoke the dead to seal the fact
To all the coming centuries;
To Saint, upon his bended knees,
Or Pagans, as their gifts they toss,
Before the Altar and the Cross.
Who knoweth? On this Cross of Snow
The shadow of the clouds below

Can never fall. The wind may sweep
And drift through gorges wild and deep,
But far above, the Mountain's breast
Is crowned with an eternal rest;
And bold against the sapphire arc
Above it, God's undying mark
Is set; but not in anger. No,
The story of the Cross of Snow
Is one of Love—the love of One
Who on the Cross Salvation won
For man—a sinful, erring race,
Inhabiting Earth's dwelling place.
This emblem of the Christian's faith
Forever and forever saith
As once to Constantine it said:
By this, man is to victory led.
The victory that conquers sin,
And over Death itself shall win
('Tis written so on angel scroll)
In final warfare for the soul.
Thus, from the summit of Fremont,

Constance and Claude the Cross confront;
The Holy Cross, the seal and sign
Of Love unending and divine.

Constance and Claude:

(On bent knees facing the Mount of the Holy Cross.)

Oh what are we, if from this slope
Thy hand withdraws this sign of Hope?
And what our chance of future bliss
When life is ended, save for this?
Father of All, Whose name is Love,
Look down upon us from above
As here we kneel; we are so weak,
Thy guidance and Thy strength we seek.
We are but human and we know
Our thoughts to sinful pleasures flow;
On waves of doubt we float and toss
Till anchored to the Holy Cross.

With souls refreshed the lovers rise.
Hands clasp—lips meet—and from the skies

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Floats down the song they sing in Heaven
When souls are of their sins forgiven.

XXII.

Glenwood Springs.

At Glenwood Springs our lovers rest:
A park of beauty, whose behest
Would serve to fill a poet's dreams;
Begirt by mountains, edged by streams;
The Roaring Forks, the rippling Grand,
The noblest river in the land,
Whose swelling tides of water flow
Through dells where the wild roses blow;
Past crags and peaks of old renown;
Through valley gemmed by thriving town;
Past hamlet where fair orchards grow
In sight of mesas crowned with snow;
And then through canons wild and grim,
And in defiles as dense and dim
As Nature ever fashioned, runs
Till, under California's suns,

The wavelet in the North Park born,
Sweeps southward to the Cape of Horn.
A noble river, in a land
Where rivers fill the farmer's hand
With harvestage of golden grain
Where'er it kisses park or plain.

But stay! our muse at present sings
The praise of pretty Glenwood Springs,
Where Nature shows a thousand charms
To woo her lovers to her arms.
She bids the sick come here for health;
She bids the poor come here for wealth;
She bids the weak come here to find
A balm for body and for mind;
Her sulphurous vapors upward go,
And healing follows where they flow.
She bids the weary come and rest;
She calls the hunter to the crest
Of hills that round her rise, to find
The game that through the pine trees
wind;

And all around the rolling year
She offers comfort, calm and cheer;
While health and healing furl their wings
About the town of Glenwood Springs.

So Claude and Constance, on their way
To other vales beyond, must stay
To drink the water, breathe the air,
And Nature's wealth of beauty share.
No ills of body to be cured,
No grief-touched days to be endured;
Only to linger by the way,
And be as happy as they may;
So full of bliss, they only know
Earth would be Heaven, could they but go
Forever thus, hand clasped in hand,
In love and duty through the land.

A Paradise on Earth? Ah, well!
The lovers think so; 'tis the spell
That Isaac and Rebecca knew—
Old as the world, yet ever new.

On Philæ's Isle, by the Nile's stream,
The maids of Egypt dreamed the dream,
And, till the earth shall, like a scroll,
Into oblivion's spaces roll,
There will be lovers, honeymoons
And idyls in uncounted Junes;
And know no world but that which lies
Within the realm of lovers' eyes.

Dear reader, we were young, you know,
All in the years of long ago!
And there were moonlights, kisses, looks,
And cosy chats in sylvan nooks,
And marriage ring and wedding bells,
And all the bliss their ringing tells.
Once—once—for us; as now to these
Young lovers who, like roving bees,
Flit on from flower to flower, to find
The honey fitted to their mind.
Because our day of bliss has been,
Shall we begrudge the bliss they're in?
Nay, rather let our wishes blend

That bliss go with them to the end.

So in love's daliance pass away
The bright hours of the summer day.
Constance receives on every side
The honors given to a bride;
Blushes in love's unconscious pride
When Claude is walking by her side;
And happiness around them flings
Her roseate robes at Glenwood Springs.

XXIII.

Valley of Grand River.

Now down the crankled road they sped
By the Grand River's winding, led
Through fertile parks and blooming vales,
Through gorges where the sunshine pales,
Through glens hedged in with odorous pine,
Home of the orchard and the vine,
Till in the Valley of the Grand

In wonder and surprise they stand.
Here a broad river, dangerous, deep,
Whose waves in rapid current sweep,
Flows by beside the Linn trees old,
Whose trunks a century's life enfold.
Fair Fruita in the sunshine lies,
The fairest village 'neath the skies;
Broad sweep of fertile land around,
Where prosperous farmer homes abound;
Home of the almond, apple, peach,
And vines, whose purple clusters teach
That bounteous Nature offers here
A generous summer with each year.
Far-off Grand Mesa on it frowns;
The stainless snow its summit crowns;
Its breast with crags and gulches scarred,
With countless streams of silver starred;
Like stately warder it looks down
Upon Grand Junction's thriving town.
Mount Garfield in the distance glows
At sunset like a crimson rose;

While far-off Washington gleams bright,
Touched by the roseate sunset's light.
Beyond, the Roan Cliffs in long sweep
Of peaks serrated, westward creep,
Till, on the waves of distance tossed,
They in the Wahsatch range are lost;
At eventide they catch the ray—
Given in farewell to the day—
Sent by the sun; and poet's pen
Or painter's pencil fail them when
The glory of the view they write,
Or seek to paint in colors bright.

Constance and Claude in rapture gaze
Upon the drifts of cloud, ablaze
With color, full of constant change;
A sense of languor, sweet and strange,
Comes over them, as if their lips
Had touched the magic flower that dips
Its stainless stem where Nature's smile
Is warm along the languorous Nile.
The breeze from Pinon mesa borne

Rustles the stalks of growing corn;
In waves of green the grain fields swell;
The odorous orchards feel the spell,
And strawberries ripening in the sun
Blush crimson at the kisses won
In wanton frolic by the breeze
Fresh blowing through the pinon trees;
And sense of comfort and of calm
Rests over Fruita like a balm.
Beneath the trees, the stream beside,
They watch the rapid river glide;
The river with its waves so mad,
The river with its legends sad,
Whose breast so often serves for graves,
So swift, so sudden are the waves
That to the lower canon glide
And thence seek gulf and ocean wide.

Constance:

I hear, or is it but a dream?
A whisper, coming from the stream;
A sad lament, as if a soul

Had fallen, ere it reached its goal.
Listen, another voice replies;
Through the greenwood the echo dies;
Were elf-land tales but true, we stand
Within the realms of fairy-land.

Claude:

Dear Love, their story catch, before
It dies along the stream and shore;
The wood-nymph and the water-sprite
Are creatures hidden in the night
Of old romance; and yet—and yet—
They still may in this vale be met
Where Fruita like a bride——

Constance:

Hush, Sweet,
While I the words I hear repeat:

THE VOICES.

The Naiad of the Stream:

What is it Brother? Upon the air
I hear the murmur at night and noon;

Is it a trouble I may not share?
  Under the beams of the sun and moon
Worlds to the fullness of time have grown,
  Shriveled to atoms, and chaos falls
Over the space where the light once shone
  Since we were young in these valley walls.
What is it, Brother? Whisper it low;
  What is abroad on the warm June air?
Born of the shadow, or storm of snow,
  Is it a sorrow I may not share?

The Spirit of the Wood:

Sweet Sister, listen. The years are long
  Since we have reigned in this valley fair;
You with your ripple and simple song,
  I, ever wandering here and there;
Only the Indian's voice was heard
  When nights were warm with the moons of June;
And his arrow sped to pierce the bird
  That sung to its mate a sweet love tune.

But now I listen and daily hear
  Another song and another sound;
What is its meaning, Oh, Sister, dear,
  And what is this tumult all around?

The Naiad of the Stream:

Brother, no longer we reign supreme!
  Brother, the silence to sound gives way;
Man is the master! The wood, the stream,
  Must do his bidding without delay.
The valley will smile beneath his hand,
  And roses bloom where the salt grass grew,
And the sound of singing in the land
  Will be sweeter than we ever knew.
The tomahawk to the hoe gives place,
  The wild war whoop to the children's song,
With the advent of a nobler race
  And the coming of a mightier throng.

The Spirit of the Wood:

But, Sister, I hear the woodman's axe,

And the chips lie on the ground like
snow;
And the brush-heaps burn in the flame
like flax,
And I see a stream of water flow
Where water never before has flowed
Since suns set over this Western land,
Or moon looked down on this fair abode
Fresh as it came from the Maker's hand.
And I see a city rising here
Where the rivers meet in close embrace,
And a constant noise falls on my ear
With the coming of this busy race.

The Naiad of the Stream:

Yes, Brother, the tree by the axe must fall,
But a fairer one will from it rise;
Sweet fruits will hang from the garden
wall
And vineyards blossom 'neath Fruita's
skies.
Wherever the water flows will grow

A field of grain for the good of all;
The bridal of soil with melted snow
Will yield its fruitage in time of fall.
And the city resting on the Grand
Will be the home of a thriving race,
And an honor to the guiding hand
That led the way to this happy place.

Naiad and Spirit:

Dear Brother——
Sweet Sister——
Our race is run;
Sweet Sister——
Dear Brother——
Our talk is done.

And silence in the place of sound
Fell like the moonlight on the ground.

Claude:

Sweetheart, before the marriage rite
You were a bud, that hid from sight
The rose-leaves of your mind; but see!

Each day these leaves unfold for me
Their blush, their beauty and their bloom,
And crown existence with perfume.
Oh, Dear and Darling! In your clasp
The blossoms of true bliss I grasp;
May never word or deed of mine
Crush out this poet-gift of thine;
The beauty of thy thoughts shall be
The beauty of the world to me.

And then? Moon, hide your crescent eye;
Stars, pass the pleasing picture by!

XXIV.

Border Land.

Claude:

We've reached the border of the state;
Beyond, lies Utah's Catsle Gate
That entrance gives to fairy-land
Where canon, vale and mountain stand
As grand as——

Constance:

Nay, do not say as grand
As this, for in this scenic land
Of Colorado, wonders show
For which we might have far to go
To match; and still, the Wahsatch range
Lies fair to view; its colors change
As sunrise or as sunset make
A mirror of the Great Salt Lake.
We'll journey thitherward some day
And sing its praises on the way.

* * * *

They say that in this valley dwells
One whom we well might see, who tells
A story of that world-famed town
That nestles under Pike's Peak's crown.
Sad eyed is he, as minstrels are
Who gaze beyond the mystic bar
That, stretching over every clime,
Flings bubbles on the sea of rhyme;
And evermore he sits and sings

The praise of Colorado Springs;
And sighs that fate a home denies
'Mid scenes that there in beauty rise.

Claude:

To-day we'll see this hermit old;
Perchance to us he will unfold
The story how a city grows
Where summer's sun meets winter's snows.

XXV.

The Story of Colorado Springs.

(As told by the Hermit.)

Broad stretch of silent prairie lands
And swelling slopes of shining sands,
That into distance rise and fall
With bright, blue sunshine over all;
While on the west, or high or low,
Their giant frontlets crowned with snow,
The mountain peaks in grandeur stand
To sentinel a favored land.

CANON OF GRAND RIVER.

Out of the rounded breasts of hills
Dame Nature sends her sparkling rills
Between the pines, with silvery sound,
Through canons draped in gloom profound,
Till out upon the plains they slide
In streams that widen as they glide
To green-robed valley lands, that wait
Below the mountain's rock-ribbed gate.

The sunlight rests on granite walls
Where eagle unto eagle calls;
The moonlight sends its mellow beam
To gild the valley and the stream;
The birds that nest in piney bowers
Make musical the lagging hours;
And Nature, with expectant eyes,
Waits for the hour of Dawn to rise.

The adage runs: Who plants a tree
Is held as wise; what then is he
Who builds a city on waste-lands
And gathers round him skillful hands

To work his thought to wisest end,
On lines that unto beauty tend?
Where Nature all her charm displays
In healing springs and water-ways?

The Master came, serene and calm,
With soul enthused by Nature's balm;
His eagle eyes surveyed the scene—
The mountain range, the plain's demesne;
The reign of Solitude, to him
Was over. From the mountain's rim
To valley's verge, the swelling slopes
Were pregnant with unnumbered hopes.

The Master spoke: These canons grand
Shall yet be known throughout the land;
These springs, to which the savage came
For healing, shall have wider fame;
Pike's Peak, that erst drew men to gold,
Shall draw them to a new home-fold;
And there shall rise upon these slopes
A city of ten thousand hopes.

The Master slept. The fancy caught
In daylight, was in dreams inwrought,
Until it took a form as fair
As any castle in the air;
Temples and towers and vine-clad bowers,
And singing voices through the hours,
And stately fanes and slender spires,
And fragrant breath of incense fires.

And over him there seemed to float
Minerva, with the milk-white throat,
Wisdom's fair goddess, rainbow clad,
Who made the sleeping Master glad
As from her lips there fell these words,
In tones like those of mocking-birds:
"Here build a temple to the wise;
Here let Time's latest Athens rise."

The Master woke. With brain astir
As became Wisdom's worshiper;
On liberal lines he traced a plan
That into the far future ran;

Called on the Spirit of the Springs
To come with healing, on swift wings;
Evoked the magic spell of steam
To vivify a railway dream.

The Master's Lady came. The place
At once was beautified by grace
Of manner and the blessed balm
That comes when woman comes to charm.
At first the school-room was her throne
Where her rare queenship first was shown;
And then Glen Eyrie's eerie nest
Became her palace in the West.

The Printer came. The time was ripe
To hear the clicking of the type;
Through printer's ink brave words were sent
To prove the dawn of settlement;
And one by one, in sight of snows,
Suburban homes of beauty rose
To mark the progress of the plan

Where Nature aids the work of man.

The Healer came. The springs he traced
And held such virtues should not waste;
The upward floating bubbles told
Of healing balm for young and old.
The dancing waters ever sung:
"Taste us and be forever young;
Here Hygeia holds her magic sway;
Drink deep and bless the happy day."

The Teacher came. His thoughtful eyes
Saw stately college buildings rise
Beside the murmur of the rills,
Under the shadow of the hills;
The Eastern cult in Western soil
Transplanted; so, through student toil,
The scrolls of learning might unroll
And Youth reach Wisdom's shining goal.

The Lover came. With heart afire
And eyes lit up with love's desire,
He bent and kissed his Lady's hand,

As once they kissed in that famed land
Of good old Haroun-al-Raschid
Where houris in the garden hid,
And unseen harps, touched by the breeze,
Made music 'neath th' acacia trees.

The Children came. In rosy flocks
They romped amid the glens and rocks;
Above the ripple of the rills
Their voices echoed in the hills
With childhood's joyance and delight;
While through the silence and the night
The stars their loving vigil kept
Wherever happy children slept.

The Poet came. She touched her lute
And Nature was no longer mute;
But answered back, from flowers and birds
In echoes of enchanted words.
She sleeps the sleep we all must sleep;
But loving hearts sweet memories keep
Of Helen Hunt, whose words and deeds
Were framed to fit the nation's needs.

The Writer came. His active brain,
His facile pen, were not in vain;
He at his work stood firm for years
Then fell and slept. And amid tears
Was heard the funeral anthem peal
Above the grave of honored Steele;
Closed lips, sealed eyes, abandoned pen
And quiet heart of prince of men.

The Tourist came. In sylvan glen
He found repose of mind; and then
In Garden of the Gods he walked
And to its classic statues talked;
On Cameron's Cone, on Cheyenne's crest,
He saw the mellow moonlight rest,
And braved, to win—perchance to fail—
The tangled, twisted Pike's Peak trail.

The wily Engineer came down.
He marked the progress of the town;
By Font qui Bouille's babbling brook
The gradients of Ute Pass he took;
On trestles high and firmly braced

The rails of steel he bravely placed,
And lo! the engine's whistle rose
From valley grass to woodland snows!

The Electrician came. He knew
The time had come his work to do;
From Colorado Springs, he drew
His lines to fairy Manitou;
Then up Pike's Peak he traced the course
By which the cog-wheeled iron horse
Should speed its sinuous upward road
Till on the summit it abode.

So passed the years. The city grew,
And to it, as a magnet, drew
The cult of student minds, the wealth
That broadens life. Its springs of health
Were wells of Zem-zem unto those
Who respite sought from human woes;
And all the tides of action ran
To realize the Master's plan.

From inland lakes, from coast to coast,

From prairie lands, there comes a host—
Men skilled in science and in art;
Maidens and mothers with glad heart;
Skilled artisans of every grade;
Painters to sketch the stream and glade,
And invalids in search of rest
And Ponce de Leon's vainless quest.

All honor to the master mind
Who lives to see the plans defined
To rare completeness and a name
Linked by them to enduring fame.
While Colorado Springs remains
The Matchless City of the plains,
Will Palmer's name shine on its page,
Brighter with each succeeding age.

The name of Cameron I recall,
While Nettleton's and Potter's fall
In line with Kingsley, Whipple, Field—
Old pioneers whose hearts were steeled
To stern endurance in the days

That often passed through shadowed ways
In those first years before the town
Burgeoned into its grand renown.

I seem to see the little band
Around the stern surveyor stand;
I hear again the silvery tongue
Of Cameron charm the old and young;
And on a wagon's reach I see
The Governor who was to be;
As on that July day we stood
Outlined 'gainst Nature's solitude.

Oh! city full of fairest hopes
On La Fontaine qui Bouille's slopes,
Dreams to realities have grown;
Fancies as happy facts are shown;
A thousand homes where there were none,
In the spring days of 'seventy-one;
While culture, wealth and wide renown
This stately city's ramparts crown.

The years shall come, the years shall go—

Humanity's wide wave shall flow
Against these slopes, these mesa lands,
Until this later Athens stands
Home of an hundred thousand lives,
Brave men, fair maidens, mothers, wives;
Belted as with a rainbow zone,
A queen upon a golden throne.

Claude:

Sweetheart——

Constance:

My love——

Claude and Constance:

Surely our one thought is—to trace
Our way back to this charming place.

Claude:

To end——

Constance;

Our Honeymoon? Its end?
Then in that city we shall spend
Our married life and never know
That honeymoons can come—and go.

Epilogue.

(Constance and Claude at Manitou.)

'Tis said that once, to one and all
There comes the seven whistlers' call;
Strange birds on which no mortal eyes
Have ever rested. From what skies
They came from, where they build their nests
No mortal knows. Strange silence rests
Upon the face of Nature, when
The twilight time falls down on men;
Then suddenly the hush of Time
Is broken by a sound sublime—
The faint and far-off note is heard
As coming from some singing bird;
But not on earth or in the sky
Can man the whistling bird espy.
Once, twice, and thrice, and yet again,
Again and yet again the strain
Falls clearer on the human ear;
Each note grows more distinct and clear,

Until the seventh whistlers' note
Falls from the unknown feathered throat.
Then, like the sound of passing wings
The final note in mid air rings
Like that which through Arabian vales
Swept on the solemn sounding gales
(As in the ancient legend ran)
Telling the death of the Great Pan!
Great Pan, who died on Christmas morn;
Great Pan, who died when Christ was
born.

Some say that he who hears the call
Is marked of fate. The clear notes fall
Upon him, and no others hear,
Though by his side they stand so near
They note the beating of his heart.
It is as if he stood apart
Upon some lonely plain or hill
As Moses stood of old, until
The tables through the clouds were shown
With God's commands engraved on stone.

But be it sad or happy fate
Who knoweth till it be too late?
Once uttered in the twilight gloom,
The seven whistlers' call of doom
Is irrevocable, as when
The voice of Azrael calleth men.
But if two, clasping married hands,
Together hear the call, in lands
Blest by the suns of Honeymoon
That shine through all the months of June,
Then, then the omen is indeed
A happy one for human need.
Who hear the call together, know
That life for them will smoothly flow;
And happiness will crown the home
To which the whistlers' call shall come.

A solemn hush is everywhere;
The summer languor fills the air;
Across the hills the sunset dies,
And twilight over Pike's Peak lies.

Constance:

Hark, Claude!

Claude:

List, Constance, do you hear
A strange bird note fall on your ear?

Constance:

Yes, Love.

Claude:

Yes, Sweet. Oh! can it be
The whistlers' call to you and me?

Constance:

One—two—you hear it, Love?

Claude:

Yes, dear.

Constance and Claude:

Three—four—and five—more loud and clear,
As bells by hands of angels rung,
And sweet as songs by angels sung;

Six—yes, the seventh and last we hear,
As through the darkening atmosphere
A rustle, as of upward flight
Of wings, goes sweeping through the night.

AU REVOIR.